Let's Play A Love Game

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/11302062.

Rating:
Mature

Archive Warning:
Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
방탄소년단 | Bangtan Boys | BTS

Relationships:
Kim Namjoon | Rap Monster/Min Yoongi | Suga, Jeon Jungkook/Kim Taehyung | V, Jung Hoseok | J-Hope/Park Jimin

Characters:
Kim Namjoon | Rap Monster, Min Yoongi | Suga, Kim Seokjin | Jin, Jung Hoseok | J-Hope, Park Jimin (BTS), Kim Taehyung | V, Jeon Jungkook

Additional Tags:
Dom Kim Namjoon | Rap Monster, Sub Min Yoongi | Suga, BDSM, Dom/sub, Play Parties, why is this not a tag?, first time attending a BDSM play party, never heard of this? learn about it here, Smut, Barebacking, Riding, Food Play, I don't know it it's really that exactly, Aftercare, Yoongi meets the rest of the kink squad, no smut at the play party, lets stay realistic here, Yoongi wears his collar, they attend as Dom and sub, the others make an appearance for the first time, Collars

Language:
English

Series:
Part 9 of Be Mine, Baby

Stats:
Published: 2017-06-25 Words: 6,494 Chapters: 1/1

Let's Play A Love Game

by DancingSkys

Summary

Since Yoongi had never attended a Play Party before he didn't quite know what to expect but it was a very enlightening and interesting experience to say the least.
We are talking about fullbody leather suits, complete latex costumes and playing with an audience after all.
Thankfully Namjoon was there and seemed to know what was going on at least.

Notes

Yet again introducing another new topic: Play Parties~
I have never come across a story that deals with Play Parties in this fandom but if there are any please feel free to tell me. For me this is a very, very interesting topic that I did a lot of research for but it's almost impossible to put it all into a story like this so if there are any questions please feel free to ask, as always, or try googling a bit yourself and you'll find some very interesting sites that explain the basics in a very easy to understand manner.

I thought about uploading another part but it's not finished yet and I felt like uploading so you get to have this first. I hope this isn't lacking in the Aftercare department though... and I know my endings are very repetitive, I'm trying to figure something out regarding that T.T

I can already say there will be a part 2 of this one here so look forward to that ;)
I'm itching to upload it immidately but I won't, I'll make you wait for it (muhahahaha *Jin's evil laugh*)

Come and entertain me on Tumblr if you feel like it~~
DancingSkys

“Honey, I was thinking about trying something else,” Namjoon said at one point during their breakfast, Yoongi looking at him curiously over the edge of his orange cup, showing that he was listening. “Have you ever heard of play parties?”

The younger swallowed his juice and lowered the cup slowly, liking his lips to catch the remaining drops. “Play parties?” he asked with a small frown before shaking his head. “No, I haven’t.”

The lawyer hummed, studying his sub for a while before he started talking again. “It’s basically like a meet up in the form of a party for people who are into BDSM and kinks. People play there and get involved in scenarios while others watch.”

Yoongi blinked a few times, eyes wide. “People actually do that?” he asked half scandalized, half confused, voice a bit squeaky and Namjoon laughed at his reaction, nodding his head. “Yeah they do and it’s a lot of fun, otherwise they wouldn’t do it but I was wondering if that was something you could imagine doing? Not ultimately playing but also just attending. I have a few good friends who host these parties from time to time.”

The younger cleared his throat after a while of silence, shifting in his seat. “Um… I… don’t really know…” he mumbled and Namjoon patted his hand.

“Just think about it, you don’t have to, I just thought I’d tell you about it in case you wanna try it out or see for yourself.”

Of course, being the curious human being Yoongi was, the idea of play parties wouldn’t leave his head for the next few days, googling it online and reading with wide eyes. There were actually gatherings for people of the same mindset to socialise and *play* together. There were couples attending, groups or even singles who played with other people at the parties. One group was those who only watched and the other was those who also played.

Yoongi has really had no idea something like this existed but now he was hooked, turning and twisting the idea whenever he had time to

think, missing half of his lectures from time to time only to snap out of his thoughts again and shake his head, trying to concentrate on his work instead of playtime.

Namjoon laughed at him when he whined about it, pouting at the lawyer until the older pulled him in his lap and stroked his back with his fingernails, something that would leave Yoongi purring had he been a cat. “So you’d be interested in attending one?” the older asked and Yoongi hummed faintly. “If you watch out for me,” the mint-haired mumbled, eyes closed and soft smile playing on his lips, completely relaxed and enjoying the treatment he was receiving while the older snorted. “I’m not your dom for nothing, of course I’ll take care of everything,” the older said, running his fingers through Yoongi’s hair and the younger sighed, leaning back to nuzzle into the other’s chest, feeling like pink goo.

“I really love you, you know that,” he mumbled into his chest, words slurred and body almost completely slack, counting on Namjoon to hold him up. “Hm, yeah, I think I’ve heard that before,” he said with a chuckle, pecking the top of the younger’s head. “Love you too, honey.”

Namjoon had a wide grin on his face the next time they met up, making Yoongi suspicious of his intentions. “Now what got you in this creepy mood?” he asked, eyeing the older wearily but the latter just laughed. “I talked to my friends and you’re lucky. There is a party scheduled for next week on Saturday at around 7pm. Sounds good?” Yoongi was slightly stunned but nodded his head nevertheless, getting a bit excited. “Good, then do you want to attend as my sub or as Yoongi?” Namjoon asked and the younger was silent for a while, gaze fixed onto the ground and pondering for quite some time.

“If you’re unsure how about you try going as my sub and if you uncomfortable you’ll use your safeword?” the lawyer suggested with a crooked head and a gentle smile, Yoongi looking at him unsurely. “Can I do that? Would you allow that?” he asked carefully and Namjoon nodded his head. “Yeah, sure. You always have permission to use your safeword whenever you deem it necessary, as always, no matter when or where.”

The mint-haired nodded his head after thinking about the possibility for a while. “Okay.”

“And this is a personal favor,” Namjoon added with a small laugh and rubbed the back of his neck. “Would you wear your collar?”

Yoongi blinked a few times, cheeks heating up slightly but he still nodded his head. “Y-yeah, sure.”

“Great, you have black clothes, right?”

To say Yoongi was nervous would be an understatement, he was bobbing his leg throughout the whole ride, eyes wide and fixed onto the road. He was playing with his fingers in his lap, not knowing what to do and his chest felt too small to contain his wildly beating heart.

Namjoon was the definition of calmness next to him, one hand on the gear shift like always and driving as usual, the faint humming of the engine usually able to lull Yoongi into a pretty relaxed state, especially once it was already dark outside, but sadly not today. Today he was way too nervous, the collar around his neck the only thing to keep him grounded and calm him slightly.

They had gone over everything before already much to Yoongi’s relief. Namjoon was a very considerate dom and he really watched out for his sub but this would be the first time they went somewhere with other people around. They were all or at least mostly kind of the same but it was still nerve-wracking.

The rules were pretty simple actually.

“I’m Sir to you for this whole evening so address and respect me accordingly,” Namjoon had said said, his dom voice in place. *“I make all decision for the two of us so whatever it is, you have to ask me first even if it’s a trip to the bathroom or a glass of water and when I’m talking to you or someone else you don’t interrupt me, you wait until I’m finished. No one is allowed to touch you without my permission so if someone asks tell them Sir does not allow it without his explicit permission. You have to answer whenever I ask you something and you are not to wander off on your own. You are allowed to ask questions or ask for physical contact in an appropriate manner and you have to use your safeword if the situations calls for it. I’ve you can’t get my attention you are allowed to tap my arm. Do you understand?”*

“Yes, sir.”

“Good, then be a good sub and have some fun. You are my sub only, no one else’s. You’ll treat them like you usually would. Got that?”

“Yes, sir, I’m only yours.”

“Baby~” Yoongi jumped in his seat, completely lost in thought and looked over to Namjoon who was smirking at him. “No more spacing out now. We’re here. Get out, put on your jacket and scarf and wait for me.” The younger nodded his head and climbed out of the car, putting on the requested items while he shivered because of the cold winter air. He waited patiently for the older, taking in his surroundings but not being familiar with the area. It seemed to be an industrial area, most buildings quite big and seemingly empty. There were a few lights around and a bit further up the road there was a normal-looking house with a lit up foreyard, a small, white fence around the property and a veranda in front of it. It had two floors and you could see a faint light shining from the windows but you couldn’t actually see inside.

Namjoon was suddenly next to him and wrapped an arm around the younger’s waist, guiding him towards the house and ringing the doorbell. It took a little while but soon the heavy door swung open and a handsome man was revealed, reddish brown hair that was swiped across his forehead, black button down tugged into his black jeans. He smiled as he saw who was in front of them, stepping aside and welcoming them into the house.

“Hey Joon, I haven’t see you here in a long time,” he said, laughing a friendly laugh and closing the door again. “I see you came with company today.” His eyes settled on Yoongi who, as a socially completely hopeless human being, shrunk away and hid partly behind his dom, pulling up his shoulders so he could hide his face in his scarf. “Yeah, I did. This is Suga, Suga that’s Jin. He’s a good friend of mine.”

“H-hi,” Yoongi managed to breath out and Jin smiled at him. “Nice to meet you Suga,” he didn’t seem to be fazed by the obvious nickname, probably used to them as a lot of people chose one for when they were attending play parties in order to keep some privacy. “You can put your jackets over here. Bathroom is to the right, changing room to the left. The living room and kitchen is open for everyone so please help yourselves. Upstairs are some private rooms and if you want to watch or play you can go downstairs.”

Yoongi felt like he wasn’t really present as Namjoon made him take of his jacket and scarf, feeling a blush crawl up to his cheeks because now everyone could see his collar but Namjoon just ran a hand through his sub’s hair once he was standing in front of him again, checking over his outfit once more before nodding his head and his hand settling back on Yoongi’s hip as he steered them into the living room that was already bustling with people chatting and sipping on

glasses or water and juice. It almost seemed like a normal party at first glance but there were quite a few things that you surely wouldn't see at a so called vanilla party. For example there was one dude completely dressed in leather clothing, a girl kneeling on the floor next to a man who was talking to someone else, another girl with a leash connected to her collar and several people whose clothing included latex. Some wore harnesses, others masks and some even complete outfits like soldiers or pilots.

The mint-haired still felt out of place but it was good knowing he wasn't the only one who had a collar strapped around his neck. There were obviously quite a lot of others in a similar position as he was and that made him feel the tiniest bit relaxed.

"Joon!" someone called and Yoongi looked up in attempt to spot the owner of the voice, soon seeing two males that strolled over to them, one grinning wildly while other one followed him with his hands in his pockets. The grinning one had lilac hair with a faint silver shimmer. His clothes consisted of a black shirt that was ripped around the neck and at the bottom hem and shiny black pants. The other had black hair that was parted in the middle and reveal some of his forehead, a smug look gracing his face. His black sweater had mesh sleeves and revealed his bulky arms, wearing similar pants as the other one.

"Ha, I thought I'd never get to see you again over here," the grinning one called with a laugh. "But when you called I knew something was up." He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. "So, who is this?"

Namjoon dug his fingers into Yoongi's side shortly, a sign that he should do his introduction now, the boy almost forgetting his nickname for a moment. "I'm Suga… n-nice to meet you," he said quietly, the excited male's grin widening even more. "Suga, that's a cute name," he said. "I'm V, this is Kookie." Kookie did not suit his name at all, all smug looks and confident stance but who was Yoongi to judge someone because of their nickname so he just nodded his head in acceptance.

"So, are we going to see something tonight?" V asked excitedly but Namjoon just laughed and shook his head. "Nope, you won't. We'll just be watching for today."

"Aww, that's a shame," V said in disappointment, grin still in place. "I'm sure he's a lovely sub." Yoongi was sure his face was completely flushed by now. "Anyway, Kookie and I need to get going. Someone

wanted to do some suspension bondage so we'll be on our way." He waved and dragged the other male by his wrist, the latter nodding his head at the couple who stayed back in the living room.

"Come on baby, we'll get something to drink." Yoongi followed Namjoon obediently, watching some more people who were interacting. There was a wide variety of attire, starting from casual black jeans and shirt to latex and leather to very… let's say revealing clothing that didn't do much besides cover some certain areas. It was to be expected though so Yoongi wasn't too shocked upon finding these things here, he was more shocked upon actually seeing them in real life with his own two eyes and not just as a kinky picture on the internet.

There were some general rules for all play parties with some that could be altered depending on the theme and the host's preferences but it was usual to have some sort of dress code, for example black if you decided to dress casually. It was also normal for every party to have a changing room available since it was not very subtle to strut down the street in a latex suit or a leather harness and on a leash.

The open area was usually supposed to be kept PG so nothing more than kissing, cuddling and the normal stuff. Everything else was supposed to be taken to a private room if those were available or to the designated playing space.

No alcohol was the norm since no one should be playing while they were under the influence of either drugs or alcohol so there wasn't any around. Smoking was to be taking outside of course.

Everyone was to be respectful of others and the way they dressed, acted or talked. No one should be judged for their interests and Namjoon had told the younger that play parties were very open and accepting places. Everyone shared a similar mindset and didn't see a point in judging others at all.

When someone was playing it was completely normal to watch but at a reasonable distance of course. No one wanted others to be swarming them while they were trying to spank their sub. Everyone should be mindful of what was going on and refrain from doing anything distracting such as speaking, commenting on what was happening or trying to follow what those who were playing were doing. Of course it could happen that bystanders might think the dom was taking it too far but even then you shouldn't interrupt a scene but look for either the host or someone who was overseeing the whole playing area and

ask them first. Oftentimes they knew the ones playing and would be more suited for deciding whether to stop the scene or not. They were also referred to as dungeon monitors.

Obviously you should never address the sub first. Even the dom was not to be addressed except it was a very urgent emergency because both parties were deep in their headspace and immersed into what they were doing. The dom had to concentrate and keep an eye on their sub while the sub was immersed into their role and shouldn't be ripped from it by a stranger without reason. This was just as important as to know you were not allowed to take part in a scene without explicit permission by the dom.

Violating any of these rules would quickly lead to being asked to leave or being suspended from attending a similar play party again entirely.

Everyone should respect each other's privacy and not talk about what happened at the party or mention any specific names. Not everyone was very open with their BDSM/kink life after all so that was to be acknowledged and respected because it could in fact affect their career or image.

The couple settled in the living room, talking to some people and Yoongi relaxed a tiny bit. No one treated him strangely or stared at him weirdly for wearing a collar, it was nothing outrageous or uncommon after all. Most seemed to know Namjoon already, curious about his new sub and asking some questions, mostly directed at the older which the younger did not have a problem with at all, it was actually quite reassuring not to have to do all the talking since he wasn't the best at it in the first place.

Another guy soon joined and voiced his amazement upon seeing Yoongi's earrings. "Oh wow, they look amazing," he said with sparkling eyes. "Can I touch them?"

The mint-haired looked at the person in front of him with big eyes, his brain momentarily freezing and if he had been a very inexperienced sub he would have probably stayed silent or would have just shaken his head but his dom had given him clear instructions and as the good sub he was he still remembered them even in a situation like this. He'd upset his dom if he didn't follow the rules after all.

"S-sir doesn't allow touching without his permission," he said quietly, afraid of being judged for referring to Namjoon as Sir and for responding to the question in such a way. Much to his surprise though

the male didn't look fazed at all and simply turned to Namjoon. "Can I touch his earrings? They look really nice," he said, still smiling like before and the lawyer just chuckled, petting Yoongi's head as if to silently tell him he did a good job. "Sure, go ahead. You're always asking to touch everyone, Hobi," he said and the male called Hobi laughed.

"Can you blame me for asking? Look at how many sexy people are just casually gathering here. You think I'd miss talking with them and maybe getting some hugs for free?" He focused onto Yoongi's earrings after that, the accessories a small present from Namjoon since he had seen them and just had to buy them. They were made from silver and formed into a pair of handcuffs each with some sparkling gemstones adorning the material, swaying slightly whenever Yoongi turned his head. He stayed complete still for the few seconds Hobi looked at them from up close and touched them carefully, for a moment fearing the free pass for the earrings would suddenly expanded onto his whole body but he quickly realized how stupid he was being. First of all Hobi didn't seem like a person who would do that and second of all Namjoon would probably throw fit if anyone touched his sub without permission.

"So where is Jimin off to?" Namjoon asked, looking around and trying to find said person in the crowd. "Oh he's probably somewhere downstairs with the kinky-duo," Hobi replied with a laugh after letting go of Yoongi's earrings and saying they were 'hella cool'. "Probably getting some new ideas or something."

Namjoon and Hobi decided to check out the playspace downstairs as well, the lawyer asking his sub if he wanted to accompany him but Yoongi still didn't exactly feel comfortable enough to see other people getting whipped or tied up so he shook his head meekly. "I'd prefer to stay here for a while, sir," he said carefully, his dom nodding his head in understanding. He wasn't a monster and he couldn't force his sub into watching other people if he didn't want to. Yoongi was still a human being with rights after all and didn't deal well with being told to do things he wasn't comfortable with. "Alright, then be good and go sit down over there in the corner and wait for me. I won't be gone for long." He patted Yoongi's head and watched him shuffle over to the corner where a few arm chairs were aligned, most people standing in groups or sitting on the bigger sofas in the middle of the room.

"He's cute," Hobi said with a smile and Namjoon chuckled. "He sure is."

“A bit shy though but he seems to trust you a lot.”

“That’s the most important thing after all. He didn’t have any experience with this before so I wouldn’t forgive myself if I were to break his trust,” the lawyer said honestly.

Hobi chuckled. “Oh wow, there is the caring dom we all know,” he teased with a grin, Namjoon punching his shoulder in return with a grin. “As if you’re not the same.”

“Can’t say I’m not,” the other said with a laugh before they moved towards the stairs and went down into the basement where the playing took place.

Yoongi was meanwhile observing from his corner silently, playing with his earrings and the bell on his collar absentmindedly. There were some others who had retreated into corners or had stepped outside for a smoke. He wasn’t the only one who didn’t need people around him constantly and he was actually quite glad Namjoon had told him to sit down in this spot. The older knew his sub after all and had figured he needed a small time-out.

“Oh, Suga.”

The mint-haired looked up at that in surprise, relaxing slightly as he spotted the nice man they had met at the front door, Jin, sitting down in the armchair across from him to his right. “What are you doing here all alone?” he asked with a smile, sipping on his glass of juice and Yoongi glanced towards the stairs, fingers still playing with the small bell. “Sir went to watch.”

“You didn’t want to?” The student shook his head, dropping his hands into his lap. “That’s fine, most need a bit until they feel comfortable enough to watch or play. I didn’t do anything until my fourth or fifth party to be honest,” the obviously older male said with a laugh, managing to get a small smile onto Yoongi’s face.

“So Joon, huh,” Jin mused after a while, twirling his drink slightly. “How long have the two of you been a couple?”

Yoongi blinked in surprise, looking at the other with big eyes, the latter unable to hide his amusement. “H-how did you know we’re…” Yoongi trailed off, not really knowing what to say but Jin understood nevertheless, licking his lips after taking another sip from his drink. “Oh it’s not difficult to guess. Joon was never one for one-time stuff and if he actually brings someone over that means they have known

each other for a quite a while and that he cares a lot. Besides, he'd never start anything with someone useless they are together so it's pretty obvious actually." He grinned at the younger. "So, how long?"

The mint-haired needed a moment to recollect his thoughts, counting how long he had been with Namjoon. "Nine months," he said eventually and Jin hummed. "Lucky catch," he said with a small grin. "Joon is a really good dom."

Yoongi looked at him with a slightly unsure expression.

"Oh, I haven't been with him," Jin said with a laugh and waved his hand. "He's not my type at all and I'm a dom too so, no thanks, but I can see he really cares about his sub and after his last one left he didn't do anything for a really long time." He was silent for a while and looked into his glass. "I'm glad you two found each other, you seem to have a pretty good dynamic."

"T-thanks," Yoongi stuttered, not really knowing what to say but talking to Jin was actually quite comfortable, the latter steering the conversation in another direction and talking about this and that, the younger slowly warming up and relaxing more and more, glad to have company like Jin who made him feel welcome and safe.

Some others came by from time to time, greeting Jin and asking if Yoongi was his sub but the older just laughed and shook his head, saying he wished he had a sub like the mint-haired but he belonged to Joon. Yoongi was surprised about how respectful everyone was, people not touching him at all and accepting a no as answer gracefully when they did ask something the boy wasn't comfortable with.

"I see you're getting along with Jin," a familiar voice said and Yoongi looked up to see Namjoon standing behind him, the boy quickly standing up and nodding his head, happy that his dom was back again. "Yes, sir, he's very nice." The older smiled and sat down in the previously occupied armchair, pulling Yoongi so he was sitting across his lap, legs hanging off the arm-rest. "Sir, can I cuddle you?" Yoongi asked quietly so no one else could hear and Namjoon smiled, stroking his hair. "Yes, you may."

The younger sighed in a satisfied manner and shifted a bit so he could lay his head onto his dom's chest, curling his hands into his shirt and closing his eyes to take in his scent and the calm beating of his heart, immediately feeling protected and comfortable like nothing else mattered anymore.

The evening continued, Yoongi later on also meeting Jimin, Hobi's sub, who was all smiles and compliments, cooing all over Yoongi and saying he was glad he wasn't the only sub in the group anymore. The seven of them sat together, Yoongi still in Namjoon's lap and it was obvious they had quite a different dynamic from Hobi and Jimin, the two apparently not immersed into their roles at the moment. It almost felt like they were at a normal party if it weren't for the occasional people crawling around, kneeling or being half naked. Well and the absence of alcohol of course.

Hours went by with just talking, Yoongi slowly warming up to the others and figuring he could talk normally to all of them while still acting out his role as Namjoon's sub. Apparently Jin did not have a partner as of now but V and Kookie were a thing which surprised Yoongi slightly since he had assumed they were both doms. Maybe they switched or had some other way of doing it like inviting a third party whenever they were in the mood for playing. Hobi and Jimin were a couple just like Namjoon and Yoongi were.

"Baby, wanna try watching something?" Namjoon asked his sub, lips almost pressing into his ear and the younger shivered slightly, seeing Jimin grinning at him and blushing as a result. He thought about the question for a moment but he couldn't deny that he was slightly curious. "Um… I… I think… yeah, okay, Sir." The lawyer smile and stood up, the younger sliding off his lap all while he kept an arm around his waist. "We'll be back later," he said and off they went, approaching the stairs and Yoongi was as nervous as he had been at the beginning once again, fidgeting and kneading his hands.

"Sir, can I… hold your hand please?" he asked quietly, staring at his feet but his heart skipped a beat as the arm around his waist disappeared and his and his dom's hands were intertwined instead. Namjoon gave him a small smile and pulled him along down the stairs. Some loud sounds met Yoongi's ears, probably those of a whip cracking and he jumped the tiniest bit, the lawyer just chuckling at his reaction. They heard someone begging only the interrupt themself with a loud scream.

They stopped at a scene where a man clad in leather had a woman strapped to some BDSM furniture Yoongi didn't know the name off and spanking her behind with a wooden paddle. The younger's eyes widened as he watched, transfixed and following the scene attentively, Namjoon standing next to him and running his thumb over the back of his hand in a calming manner.

Yoongi felt like he was in a dream, watching as another woman was tied up beautifully, black rope standing out again her skin in a stark contrast.

He was still kind of in a daze as they went back to the smaller corner later where their group was still conversing upstairs, some snickering at Yoongi's dazed expression. "Someone was enlightened," Jimin called and the mint-haired blinked a few times, sitting in Namjoon's lap again but this time facing the front. "I… yeah… I think…" he trailed of and his dom patted his back reassuringly.

They spent another hour talking before the went home, Yoongi almost falling asleep - he actually did - during the ride home, ready to go to bed and sleep although that would mean ignoring that he was hungry but Namjoon had other plans, catching the younger before he could go to the bathroom after taking off his shoes, a small noise of surprise slipping past the sub's lips. He didn't squirm or protest as his socks, pants, underwear and shirt were taken off, a bit dazed at how quickly things were moving. He was lead to the living room, glad to be standing on the fluffy carpet and not the cold ground anymore.

"Stay," Namjoon simply said and went off to the kitchen, leaving Yoongi alone for a while. He had gotten better at being naked, if you could say it like that, but he still felt shy about standing in the middle of a room completely bare.

He could hear the older moving around the kitchen before he came back with a bowl and a spoon. He sat the bowl filled with muesli down onto the coffee table and stood in front of his sub with the spoon, pushing the handle into his mouth. "Drop it and I won't let you cum," he said and Yoongi made a faint, almost pathetic noise of acknowledgement around the cold metal in his mouth. Namjoon picked up the bottle of lube and soon pushed two fingers into the younger without hesitation, the student arching his back and whining around the spoon, careful not to drop it so he clamped his teeth down, sounds spilling from his mouth as he was stretched open.

Three fingers were enough and Namjoon picked up the bowl only to push it into Yoongi's hands, pulling him with him as he stepped backwards. The older sat down on the couch, guiding his sub's hips so the latter was kneeling on the couch, hovering slightly above him. He used this chance to admire the younger's body, hands stroking his soft sides and lips mouthing at his chest which caused the student's thighs to tremble slightly. Once his chest was marked with hickeys, his nipples hard and swollen and Namjoon had gotten hard from just

listening to the small but sinful sounds his sub made he unzipped his pants, pushing them down the slightest bit and taking out his cock. He spread lube over himself before taking Yoongi's hips again, the younger's body shaking in anticipation and eyes hazy, and guiding him so the tip of his cock was brushing against his entrance, pushing him down onto his length in one go which caused Yoongi to wail loudly, eyes rolling back and spoon almost falling from his mouth.

"Baby, sir is hungry," the lawyer said with a smirk, not waiting even a moment and the younger looked at him hazily before he seemed to understand, breathing heavily through his nose as he lifted the bowl with shaky hands, scooping some of the muesli with yogurt up with the spoon and leaning in to fed his dom, a small moan escaping him as he felt the elder's cock inside of him.

Namjoon let the younger feed him a couple of spoons before he spiced things up slightly. "Up," he said, Yoongi not reacting fast enough so he slapped the side of his butt harshly which caused the younger to whimper and lift his hips, thighs already shaking and moaning as he felt Namjoon's cock sliding out of him slowly, the tip still staying inside. "Come on, baby, continue," the lawyer mocked, large hands on his sub's thighs, Yoongi continuing to feed him slowly, breaths even faster than before.

"Down." Two spoons. "Up." Two spoons. "Down." One spoon. "Up." Two spoons. "Down. Up. Down." One spoon.

It drove Yoongi insane and he wanted nothing more than to stay put and ride his dom like his life depended on it. He wanted to let go of the spoon and moan loudly so everyone could hear him but the object was still occupying his mouth and if he let go Namjoon would leave him hanging, he had done so before and he really hated it so he followed the elder's commands obediently.

That was until his hips settled down again and Namjoon bucked up into him, making him crumble and try to steady himself with one hand on his dom's shoulder and still keep the bowl somewhat balanced.

Don't lose the spoon, don't lose the spoon, don't lose the spoon , he chanted inside of his head like a mantra, wanting to please his dom with his good behavior, but soon those thoughts were pushed aside, still holding the object but instead he was just enjoying how full he felt and how Namjoon brushed against his prostate. Sadly the elder stopped way too soon, smirking at his sub's pitiful expression. "Hm, I

bet you're hungry, aren't you, baby?"

Yoongi nodded his head, a mumbled "Yesh, shia," tumbling out of his mouth that was mostly immobilized by the spoon. The older took the bowl from his hands and sat it aside for now, straightening up and leaning closer to wrap one hand around the back of his sub's neck. The older went up to grab the spoon, whispering an 'Open wide' and pressing the younger's tongue down with the handle of it before trusting it back and forth a few times, roaming the mint-haired's mouth and pushing his tongue around which earned him small whines and harsh breaths, some drool dripping down onto the two males.

"Such a good sub you are," the elder cooed, Yoongi's heart fluttering at the praise and making a small noise of agreement. He really was a good sub for his Sir. "Now then, get to work. Slowly," Namjoon reminded the younger whose mouth was finally freed of the spoon, sucking in some harsh breaths before he started rotating his hips and bucking them gently, hands resting just below the elder's shoulders who watched the display with a smug expression on his face, enjoying the view. He let the other play for a while, slapping the same spot as before as he got too excited to remind him to go slow and not try to chase release which he knew is what the other wanted.

"Good boy," he murmured, rubbing his thumb over the younger's nipple who threw his head back slightly. "Now come here." He picked up the bowl and spoon again, feeding the younger who still had to move his hips, getting spanked again as he forgot. He emptied the bowl, letting Yoongi lick it clean and licking some yogurt from the corners of the younger's lips, letting him play for a little while before he stilled his hips, large hands forcing Yoongi to stay put.

"You have five minutes to make me cum, if you fail I'll leave you hanging, understood?"

"Y-yes, sir," Yoongi breathed out, heart beat picking up the pace again and all thoughts vanishing from his mind as Namjoon told him to start. He rose up onto his knees before slamming his hips down, moaning at the contact and stalling for a second before he started moving again, quicker this time and tightening around Namjoon's length inside of him, seeing the corner of his dom's mouth twitch which was always a sign that he was doing a good job, spurred on by it and working even harder. He managed to make the elder come within four minutes and twenty seconds, halting his movements as he felt him climaxing inside of him and catching his breath and trying to hold off his own orgasmn.

“Mah-... may-y I c-cum, sir?” he asked with a whimper and Namjoon bucked his hips in reply.

“Oh, you may.”

And as if on command the younger came, falling forward into his dom’s chest and shivering, momentarily forgetting about everything else.

Namjoon stroked his hair and had an arm wrapped around his waist in a calming manner, waiting until he felt like Yoongi had calmed down a bit. “Baby, you feel lovely around my cock and I know you love it to be stuffed full and wet but Sir has to get up so you need to move,” he whispered with a husky voice, the younger whining but still lifting his hips with a faint moan and letting the elder slide out of him. Thankfully something smaller was pushed into him instead, the student humming at the feeling and moving his hips slightly to get more familiar with the object nestled inside of him.

He felt the older picking him up and moving to the bathroom where he was cleaned off completely before being put to bed, Namjoon changing his clothes and washing up real quick before joining his sub under the blanket and wrapping his arms around him from behind, thanking him for his services and whispering more sweet compliments into his ear.

“I kinda… really liked today,” Yoongi mumbled after a while of listening to his lover’s soft murmurs.

“You did?” the older asked and the student hummed, moving back into Namjoon’s chest and releasing a content breath. “These parties seem like fun.”

Namjoon chuckled and ran a hand through his boyfriend’s hair. “We can go to more of those,” he said, Yoongi nodding his head. “And your friends are pretty interesting,” he added which made the older laugh softly. “They sure are an interesting bunch.”

“They seem really nice,” the student said softly and the other hummed, still running his hand through the younger’s hair. “They are indeed although they are idiots sometimes.”

Yoongi hummed and closed his eyes with a small smile.

“Honey, you know what?”

“Hm?”

“I love you.”

A smile broke out on Yoongi’s face and put his hand over his lover’s, pulling it up to his chest and pressing a small kiss onto his knuckles. “Love you too.”

Namjoon smiled contently and kissed the back of his boyfriend’s head affectionately before snuggling closer and closing his eyes.

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